

THE COMING OF THE MUSE.

The muse, far away, at times
 Flashed down, but will not stay,
 Her voice her unembodied rhyme
 Far, far away.

From out the blank unpeopled page
 There shines no vision fair,
 And on the poet's noble rage
 Breaks cold despair.

In vain to tell, in vain to strive,
 Efforts and vows are naught,
 No favoring impulse comes to drive
 The lagging thought.

Then sudden, with the darkling chill,
 A gleam of radiance seems to fill
 His heart and brain.

Far off and thin, translucent, white,
 Half-straining eyelids trace,
 Half hidden, a phantom of delight,
 A sweet veiled face.

And straight, 'tis life, 'tis youth, 'tis spring
 That comes his soul to cheer,
 His fancy spreads its joyous wing,
 The muse is here!

Over him flowered wave, o'er snow-clad hill
 His heart, o'er verdant vale,
 His happy eyes warm tears drop fill
 Of faith and love.

Now from the sunset beckons she,
 Now from the dawn's clear rose,
 And softly now, now joyously,
 Comes as she goes.

Now through the thick life laden air
 Along the city street
 She glides, she draws divinely fair,
 Her faithful feet.

Now to the palace, now the jail;
 Now glided, lives undone,
 Lives lighter lit or those that wait,
 She hovers on.

And with her takes the poet's mind
 And heart and soul and will,
 Where'er she leads a wandering wind,
 Her faithful, follows still.

—Sir Lewis Morris in Harper's Magazine.

LUCK OF LODORE.

"What is the 'Luck of Lodore,' Watty?"

A look of terror overspread the face of old Watty Gibson, the butler at Lodore castle, when he heard the question which his young master put to him just as dinner was ended. Bending over the laird's chair, he replied in a low tone so that none of the numerous guests should hear:

"Wheest, laird, dinna speir, and for the sake o' a' that's gude dinna ask to see it."

But his words had been overheard by the next neighbor to Laird Henry at the dinner table, and he said:

"Family freights again, Watty; good heavens, what a lot of rubbish our forefathers did believe! What with family ghosts in one gallery and family skeletons in another and 'Lucks of Lodore' hidden in places you wot not of you have a lively prospect before you, Henry, my boy. Why, your house is scarcely habitable. I know I wouldn't stand it."

"What would you do, Jasper Keith?"

"I would let in the light of common sense on the whole bag and baggage of them, and I think in the end you will find your worthy forefathers have been kept out of the best part of their mansion by a few enterprising rats and mice."

"Jasper Keith, you know you are talking nonsense. You are merely egging my cousin on to attempt the solution of the Lodore mysteries to gratify your own curiosity. Henry, do not be influenced by him," retorted beautiful Jean Arniston, who sat near.

"My fair cousin, whatever you say must, of course, be right. A pretty woman is always right. But nevertheless I will stick to the rats and mice theory until I am converted to a better," was Jasper Keith's supercilious reply as the company left the dinner table with the ladies. "Come, Henry, let's take our wine in the smoking room, and Clifford and I will give you your revenge for that £200 we won from you last night."

"I dinna like young Laird Henry's look," said the old butler when he imagined he was alone with the other servants clearing away the dinner things. "He's like ane that's fey, and I'm sure I saw his wraith standin' aside him in the ha' last nicht. He's far owre chief wi' that Jasper Keith than that man's here for nae gude. He's gotten a face like the very deil himself."

In place of the murmurs of assent to his sentiments from his fellow servants which he was always wont to hear a bitter, sardonic laugh fell on his ear. He started, to see the man of whom he had been speaking standing beside him, having returned to the dining room to recover a paper he had left behind.

"Don't like me, eh, Watty? Look too much like his satanic majesty to please your fastidious taste, eh? Sorry I cannot change my features to oblige you." And again the cold, rasping laugh rang out from the pale, bloodless lips of Jasper Keith, whose pallid face, jet black hair and beard and glittering eyes justified old Watty's description.

The old butler vouchsafed no reply. He made all the haste he could to get away from close proximity to the double of the devil, as Keith was called. The latter was a distant relative of the family and had been rejected suitor for Jean Arniston's hand. But his failure to secure the girl did not dispose him. He succeeded in establishing friendly relations with Henry, and it was whispered was the companion of the young laird in some of the most disgraceful of the orgies into which he was wont to plunge.

Lodore castle was one of those smiling old border mansions that still retain in their massive towers and battlemented walls the memories of the stirring times when the ruthless reiver and the stark moss trooper were making the history of the district in blood and iron. It had descended in ballad and romance. Standing at the head of one of the gloomiest glens in the Lammermoor hills and perched on the

summit of a precipitous crag whose base was washed by the burn that brawled and fretted down the ravine below the castle, the building was a landmark in the district for miles round. The scenery in the neighborhood was stern and forbidding. Rock and moor, heath and wood, scarp and cliff were in evidence everywhere. Yet escape from the gloom and immediately one was amid idyllic pictures of pastoral peace and agricultural fertility.

For centuries the Arnistons of Lodore had been the hereditary lords of the district on all sides of the castle. About the middle of last century the head of the family had been one Stephen Arniston, who lived to a patriarchal old age, both loved and respected and at length died, leaving one child, the beautiful Jean. The estate, being entailed, passed to the nephew of good old Stephen, a young man of considerable promise, but whose estimable traits of amiability and generosity were sadly discounted by a certain headstrongness and obstinacy of temperament which, united to an extravagant love of flattery, rendered him an easy prey to any adventurer. To the gentle Jean he had been betrothed at an early age. Though during a lengthy residence with his regiment in the low countries he was reported to have contracted vices of the most degrading type, it was hoped that the influence of his gracious and noble minded fiancée would wean him from such habits.

Great had been the rejoicings at the castle over the arrival of Laird Henry to enter into his new possessions. Attended by several friends, among others Jasper Keith, he had reached Lodore and had been warmly welcomed by Dame Helen Arniston and her beautiful daughter Jean. But more than one sharp eye noted that Jean's welcome was rather from the lip than the heart. Handsome and debonaire though Henry was, there was an undercurrent of insincerity in his manner that caused her to recoil from him and in secret to weep bitterly that he to whom her heart was already given, her other kinsman, Archie Rubislaw, the only hope of a poor but noble family in the district, had not been chosen as her husband.

The short afternoon of a November day was drawing to its close. The weather was dull, lowering and stormy. Heavy clouds were banking themselves up on the southwestern horizon, while the wind, with an angry, sibilant shriek, was causing the boughs of the fir and pine trees that clothed the sides of the ravine to toss their long, gaunt arms to the sky as though in piteous protest. A tempest of no ordinary magnitude seemed brewing.

Apparently Jasper Keith's proposal to spend the afternoon at the gambling table had not been received with favor. The party had gone outside, but seemingly the bleak prospect without was driving them homeward. As they came along the approach leading to the main entrance Henry was asked some question regarding certain rooms in the castle. He had been unable to give a satisfactory answer, so when they met the old butler at the door the laird said, "Watty, didn't you tell me I had seen all the rooms in the castle?"

"Deed, aye, laird, and so ye have."

"Not every room, I think," replied Keith dogmatically.

"What have I not seen, Keith?"

"You have never entered those rooms on the second floor of the west wing whose window blinds are always kept drawn," retorted Keith, with his glibness, Mephistophelian laugh.

An exclamation of horror burst from the old butler. He could scarcely find words to dissuade Henry from ever thinking of entering the rooms.

"Ye maunna gang in there, Lodore. It's as nuckle as yer life's worth. The rooms have been sealed up for far more than a hunder years. I canna tell ye what for, but something awfu' happened there, and Laird Godfrey garred seal them up."

"Rats and mice again, I suppose. These rodents have much to answer for, Henry," sneered Keith.

"I shall enter those rooms tonight or die," cried the young laird, thoroughly piqued by Keith's animadversions.

"Lord sake, Lodore, dinna dae ony sic thing. I tell ye the deil himself is in there. I've heard the maist awful ories ane the clankin' o' chains ilka Halloween night!"

"Hallowmass—why, that's tonight! Will we hear it?" cried one of the younger members of the party.

"Say no more, Watty. I tell you I will enter those rooms tonight. I am determined to discover why half my house is uninhabitable."

"Now, that is what I call a sensible man," cried Jasper, showing his wolflike white teeth in a ghastly smile.

"Ye deevil, gin anything comes owre him, the young laird's death will be at your door," muttered the old butler.

At last Jasper Keith rose. He sneered his bitter smile over the whole circle of guests, and as he raised the wine cup over his head he cried: "I have one more toast to propose. We have drunk the health of the Laird of Lodore. Let us drink—drink 'prosperity to the Luck of Lodore,' and let the laird honor the toast by drinking to it from the 'Luck of Lodore' itself."

From the lips of Dame Helen, her daughter and old Watty expressions of horror fell.

"Stop, Henry! Do not agree to it—the honor of the house may pay for it!" cried the beautiful Jean pleadingly.

"I must see it! Watty, bring the 'Luck of Lodore.'"

For an instant the old butler hesitated; then, seeing his master was in earnest, he slowly left the room. After some delay he returned, bearing with him a curiously shaped box. This he unlocked, and then, after stripping off several coverings, he exhibited to the gaze of the company an antique crystal goblet, curiously cut and with certain strange hieroglyphics inscribed around it.

"That is the 'Luck of Lodore,' Maister Henry, said to have been given to one o' your ancestors by the great wizard, Michael Scott. So lang as it is kept safe, so lang shall there be ane o' the name o' Arniston alive to heir the estates. For five hunder years it has been preserved."

"Indeed!" sneered Keith. "And the stability of the great house of Lodore rests on so feeble a foundation as a piece of brittle glass! Stuff and nonsense!"

"Fill it with wine, Watty, and then pass it round, that each guest may say he or she has taken a draught from the 'Luck of Lodore.'"

The old butler did so with trembling hands and then returned the goblet to Henry, who drained the contents that remained.

"What a piece of degrading superstition! Can it be possible that any one believes that the present family would be either the better or the worse of that goblet being broken?"

was Jasper Keith's remark as Henry stood holding it in his hands. The fumes of the wine were mounting into the young man's head, and the spirit of bravado got the better of him.

"You are right, Keith!" he cried. "We'll see whether the 'Luck of Lodore' is a true or false prophet."

With these words he dashed the crystal goblet on to the floor. A shriek broke from all present. Dame Helen covered her face with her hands. Jean darted forward toward Henry, while poor old Watty, with a cry of anguish, rushed to the spot where the goblet had fallen. At that moment a tremendous peal of thunder literally shook the castle, as though in horror of the laird's action. A mighty rushing wind also seemed to pass through its galleries and corridors, and borne on its wings like the wail of a lost spirit came the words, "Doomed, doomed, doomed!"

Yet through it all, with his cold, supercilious smile on his lips, sat Jasper Keith. "One superstition the less," was his sole remark.

All was confusion now Watty had found the goblet, and, singularly enough, almost intact. The slender stem alone was broken, but so that it admitted of repair. Yet no sooner had Jean perceived this than she said in a low voice to her mother: "It is the stem that has snapped. Henry is doomed."

But the old butler, without further remark, replaced the 'Luck of Lodore' in its casket and bore it away. The old man's face was ashen pale, and as he tottered rather than walked to the plate chest in the strongroom adjoining his pantry he muttered, "It's a' up wi' the young laird noo."

When old Watty returned to the dining room, he found that, despite Dame Helen's remonstrances and Jean's entreaties and tears, Henry was determined to penetrate into the long closed suit of apartments in the west wing. In vain the butler used all his powers of persuasion, in vain he asked the young laird to wait until morning light.

"No; I wish to go now, to see what there is that has frightened you all and to recover the part of my house that has been lost to us so long. Get the keys."

Old Watty was perfectly stupefied with terror, but nevertheless he had to obey. Jean, seeing her betrothed was so immovable in his resolution, determined to go with him, and several of the other ladies volunteered to accompany her.

The gentlemen drew their swords, and, lighting a couple of flambeaux, Henry motioned the butler to lead the way. Through many an ancient gallery and corridor they passed. At length the long deserted suit of apartments was reached. The storm without had now reached its height, and the thunder crashed and echoed through the long gallery with awful distinctness. But nothing intimidated the young laird.

"Solve this mystery I will!" he cried.

Watty with great difficulty inserted the ancient key into the lock, and after several ineffectual attempts at last succeeded in getting the rusty mechanism to act. But he positively refused to enter the rooms himself. Thereupon Henry and Jasper Keith strode into the apartment.

In an instant they seemed to be in the world of another epoch. The furniture was rich past description, but was thrown and tossed about as though some deadly struggle had taken place. The rooms appeared to have been closed up in great haste. On the table stood an old fashioned

china tea service, with cups still containing the stain of the long dried residuum that had been left after drinking. Near it stood an open spinet, with the music still standing before it. The piece was one of Guillo Sassano's long forgotten pastorals. Yonder lay a faded glove, blood stained, in another corner a lady's slipper, beautifully ornamented. In the middle of the room stood an immense bedstead of very costly workmanship, but the curtains were closely drawn all round. In front of the bed lay two swords, thrown down as if in combat, and by them the bones of a moldering human hand cut off by the wrist.

"If any solution exists, it lies within those bed curtains," said Henry in a low voice.

"Draw them aside and see what is there."

"I will."

These were the last words he spoke. As he advanced to the bedside there came sweeping along the corridor the same rushing, mighty wind they had heard before. In an instant all the flambeaux were extinguished. But scarcely had darkness fallen upon them when a frightful crash was heard in the lower end of the room, accompanied by a wailing cry. The curtains enveloping the bed were violently drawn aside, and it seemed as though a fiery hand surrounded with blue sulphurous flame was thrust forth from the aperture and crashed both Henry Arniston and Jasper Keith to the floor, while overhead there broke the most terrible peal of thunder ever heard by any of those grouped at the doorway, and under which the old castle trembled to its foundations.

Then over all there fell a silence even more awful than the roar of the elements, amidst which the same wailing as had been heard before seemed to utter the words, though at a vast distance, "The doom has fallen—has fallen."

Lights were not long in being procured, and the inmates of the castle pressed forward into the fatal chamber to see what remained. The curtains still fell with their dark inscrutable folds about the bed, veiling as before the secrets that lay hid there, but no man dared to withdraw them. Before the bed, prostrate and motionless, lay two corpses, blackened and disfigured. They were those of Jasper Keith and the Laird of Lodore. Traced upon the breast of the latter as by some diabolic engraver was the exact reproduction of the "Luck of Lodore."

Lodore castle still stands in the Lammermoors, but Jean Arniston and the husband of her choice, Archie Rubislaw, never sought to examine further into the mysteries of the sealed suit and were content to take things as they found them. "The Luck of Lodore" still sleeps undisturbed in the plate chest of the present representative of the family.—Black and White.

A Smooth Tongue.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet and said, in broken tones, "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much, and she succumbed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Just as He Meant.

"Johnson wants to borrow some money of me. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a cent." Indianapolis Journal.

Solicitude.

"I have had a delightful evening, Miss Genevieve," said young Cholly, rising to go at 11:30, "and I had no idea it was so late, had you?"

"Why, Mr. Smallweed, I—"

"Heaven's sake, Miss Genevieve," exclaimed the young man in alarm, "don't yawn! There was a girl who yawned too hard the other day and dislocated her jaw!"

With an effort she turned the yawn into a laugh, and the idiot remained ten minutes longer.—Chicago Tribune.

Anatomical.

Heardso—I heard you drove down to the club the other night and took a band. How did you leave the game?

Saidso—On foot!—New York Journal.

The Danger.

"No," said the confident youth, "I shall not trudge along in the beaten track. I shall not devote my mind to humdrum duty."

"What are you going to do?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"I am going to strike away from the beaten path. I'm going to leave footprints on the sands of time."

"Well, you want to be careful." "I have energy and ability."

"Yes, but you want to be careful too. Trying to leave footprints on the sands of time has been the cause of a lot of people getting stuck in the mud."—Washington Star.

From all over the country come words of praise for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Here is a sample letter from Mrs. C. Shep. of Little Rock, Ark.: "I was suffering from a very severe cold, when I read of the cures that had been effected by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I concluded to give it a trial and accordingly procured a bottle. It gave me prompt relief, and I have the best reason for recommending it very highly, which I do to please you." For sale by Hill-Or Drug Co.

ABOUT SLEEPWALKERS.

Some Narrow Escapes and Some Cures That Proved Effective.

The mention of a sleepwalker standing upon the street railway track the other night and barely escaping being run down has brought to the minds of many people incidents in this line that have come under their observation, and it is simply astonishing how general is this habit.

One person mentions the case of a member of the household who was found wandering about on the house-top, all unmindful of his danger, while the observer was at his wife's end to know how to get him in before he should make a misstep and fall to the ground. Usually the eyes of the somnambulist are wide open, and now and then a story indicates that the vision must be fairly good at times.

For instance, a gentleman remembers that when he was a young man an acquaintance was badly given to the habit, and he would often go out into the yard and wander about. One night a number of them lay in ambush for him just to watch his operations. By and by the door opened in a businesslike way and out came the young man. He went straightway across the street into a lot where there was a nut tree and proceeded to pick up nuts and put them in a pile. A few moments at this task, then he started toward the house. In spanning the fence he made a misstep and fell. This awakened him, and while he was in the first act of collecting his thoughts he saw in the darkness the young men who were watching him. Just at that time their appearance so startled him that he fled like a deer. The circumstance was so impressed upon his mind that he never afterward indulged in the habit.

A gentleman told an amusing incident that happened in his early life. He was sure that he could not have been more than 5 or 6 years old at the time. He often found himself at the far end of the long, unfinished chamber where he slept, and usually could not awake sufficiently to find his way to bed again, so one or the other of his parents would hear him crying and come to his rescue. Naturally they got a little tired of the bother, and no one should be blamed for what followed. As stated, the chamber was an unfinished one, and in place of the guard rail at the danger end of the stairway a number of barrels had been placed. When the night's somnambulist tour culminated that left a lasting impression on his mind as well as his body, he was near those barrels, and it seemed hard been struggling to get through between them, when he must surely have been killed by falling down the stairs. The noise aroused the parents, and on this memorable occasion the father visited the chamber just in time to save the lad from getting through. He was on his hands and knees pushing through, and the opportunity for administering the usual punishment of those days could not have been better arranged to order. "Talk about spankings," said the relator, "why, that must have been 40 years and more ago, but I can feel the sting as if it was last night! But it cured me, you may be sure."—Hartford Courant.

All In the Name.

At a Boston restaurant the other day a middle aged woman entered the place, and taking a seat at the counter carefully scrutinized the bill of fare. She concluded to try an order of ice cream pudding, at 5 cents a plate. After it had been served she looked it over carefully and calling the waitress back said:

"Do you call this ice cream pudding?"

"Yessum, and it's very nice too."

"But where is the ice cream?"

"Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We are making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you ought to give ice cream with it, as long as you say it is ice cream pudding."

"We don't give cottages with cottage pudding," quickly replied the witty waitress. The retort threw the middle aged woman into a convulsion of laughter and she ordered a second plate.—Boston Herald.

Watchdogs on the Water.

It is a common thing to find a dog on coasting vessels making comparatively short trips, on wood schooners, for example, and other vessels so engaged that they are frequently tied up at wharves or anchored in harbors. Dogs are also found on fishing boats and on oyster boats. These are mostly kept for watchdogs, and they serve this purpose well. The thief who strolls down a wharf or pokes around a harbor with intent to board a boat that is anchored is apt to think twice about it if he sees a big dog standing with his hind feet on the deck and his fore feet on the rail, waiting eagerly for a chance to nab him the moment he puts a foot on deck.—New York Sun.

"I can say one thing for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy; and that is that it excels any proprietary medicine I have seen on the market, and I have been in the practice of medicine and the drug business for the past forty years," writes J. M. Jackson, M. D., Brownsville, Fla. Physicians like Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy because it is a scientific preparation, and because it always gives quick relief. Get a bottle at Hill-Or Drug Co's drug store.

Study the Goose.

There is much to study about a goose. Just observe a flock of geese some day when you are out visiting on a farm. They'll give you amusement by the hour.

A goose hasn't the slightest idea of breadth or depth. The assertion that every goose that passes through an open barn door ducks its head, no matter if the opening be 20 feet high, is as true as can be, and, while a goose can't be made to believe that there is no danger to its head as it passes over the sill of a barn door, it is equally positive that it can creep through a 2 inch auger hole or a knot hole in a fence just as easily as it can go through a 20 foot door, and with more safety to its person. I have laughed myself some more times than a few at the persistence of some old goose in trying to enter an enclosure through a hole in the fence hardly big enough to get its head through, while a gate big enough for a team of horses to pass through was wide open within three feet of the hole.—New York Sun.

No Use Scrubbing Him.

During the last Afghan war the following joke was current throughout the army: The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary for the safety of the whole camp that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkins were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain.

"What is it, men?"

"Well, sir," they replied somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it wasn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break if we didn't come up on another suit of clothes!"—London Globe.

Indians never use profane language until they learn English and become civilized. So says Bishop Leonard, of Nevada.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases, may secure instant relief by using Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great Pain Remedy. Evans Pharmacy.

The screech of the locomotive is now heard on the streets of old Damascus, once so famous in Bible history.

It is seldom difficult to appear natural if you have no object in view.

When actors quarrel they can resort to the make-up box.

Revenge is always sweet when compared to the bitterness of hate.

The wise woman marries for protection as well as for revenue.

Matrimony often turns love's sweet dream into a horrid nightmare.

Ladies Who Suffer

From any complaint peculiar to their sex—such as Profuse, Painful, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation, are soon restored to health by

Bradfield's Female Regulator.

It is a combination of remedial agents which have been used with the greatest success for more than 25 years, and known to act specifically with and on the organs of Menstruation, and recommended for such complaints only. It never fails to give relief and restore the health of the suffering woman. It should be taken by the girl just budding into womanhood when Menstruation is scant, suppressed, irregular or painful, and all delicate women should use it, as its tonic properties have a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening the system by driving through the proper channels all impurities.

A daughter of one of my customers missed menstruation from exposure and cold, and, arriving at puberty her health was completely wrecked, until she was twenty-four years of age, when upon my recommendation, she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, completely restoring her to health."

J. W. BRADFIELD, Water Valley, Miss.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Tried and Proven.

AFRICANA is not a new and untried remedy, but a medicine of genuine merit that is coming more and more to the front on account of its wonderful cures. Almost every day you read in the newspapers of what it has done for the relief of suffering humanity.

That direful disease Rheumatism caused by impure blood—is driven out of the system by the use of Africana, and other terrible blood disorders are cured permanently.

Ask your druggist for or write to Africa Co., Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by Evans Pharmacy and Hill-Or Drug Co.

Africana Cures where others fail.

— "I can say one thing for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy; and that is that it excels any proprietary medicine I have seen on the market, and I have been in the practice of medicine and the drug business for the past forty years," writes J. M. Jackson, M. D., Brownsville, Fla. Physicians like Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy because it is a scientific preparation, and because it always gives quick relief. Get a bottle at Hill-Or Drug Co's drug store.

Atlantic Coast Line.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 20, 1897. Fast Line Between Charleston and Columbia and Upper South Carolina, North Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

GOING WEST. No. 52. 7:00 am Lv. Charleston. 9:15 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:35 am Lv. Columbia. 6:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:35 am Lv. Charleston. 6:00 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:35 am Lv. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 1:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 2:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 3:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 4:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 5:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 6:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 7:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 8:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 9:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 10:30 pm Ar. Columbia. 11:30 pm Ar. Charleston. 12:30 pm Ar. Columbia.